

part one

aku mahu kau hidup bahagia
βψ noor hafiza

biarpun berat luka yang kutanggung
akan tetap kugagahi langkah ini
ke mana pun aku pergi aku telap
cisini

tanpa perlu memberi kepada
kelembahan diri

usah pikirin kemana akan kutuju
sesungguhnya aku tidak pernah

mengharapkanmu
sentiasa selalu bersama dulu

semasa aku berada dalam
perlu kebenarannya.

mengapa harus aku gusar akan
kehilanganmu

kau tidak lagi punya ma

hildupku

telah ku campakkan seg

romantismu
jauh dari pandangan jiwaku
peralihan tinggalkan aku

Perjalanan yang kita lakukan mengapa tidak aku kembalikan

yang nyata
setelah puas diriku dihasut noda

akan tetapi aku masih percaya
peluang yang satu masih terbuka

dan sekutu pun yang
sudah seringkan kepadanya. Yang

semoga kau dapat petunjuk dan
hidayah darinya

tidak aku benarkan kau

selamanya
pikir untuk dirimu bukan yang lain

walaupun cinta kita tidak kekal
selamanya.

when theres nothing left
to say, its the end of
the day, see you again
and dont forget to send
your stories...

The ride was totally tiring and damn, I hate the tiredness I felt. I was at the back seat alone while Neja and Lila was talking about the weather at the front. Track after track from The Strokes keep my eyes awake and to really wake myself up, I tapped few indefinable knock at the window glass along with the tunes. Outside, the sky look cloudy es the rain began to fall down.

I lit up three of my cigarettes and the smoke covers my face. I passed it to Nejo and then to Lila. Lila didn't take it. How could I forget that she doesn't smoke? I dropped some water on the wasted cigarette and put it back into golden box that I bought at Petaling Street. This is my precious possession. I adore this shit.

Naja changed the CD. She asked me for Element CD and Lila said we didn't hear Element especially on this tiring journey as I handed her Norah Jones. This is fucking worst, she said. She put Vonda Shepard on the player. Gee, another McNeal nutty people. But no one objected, so we just shut our mouth and concentrate to the front view.

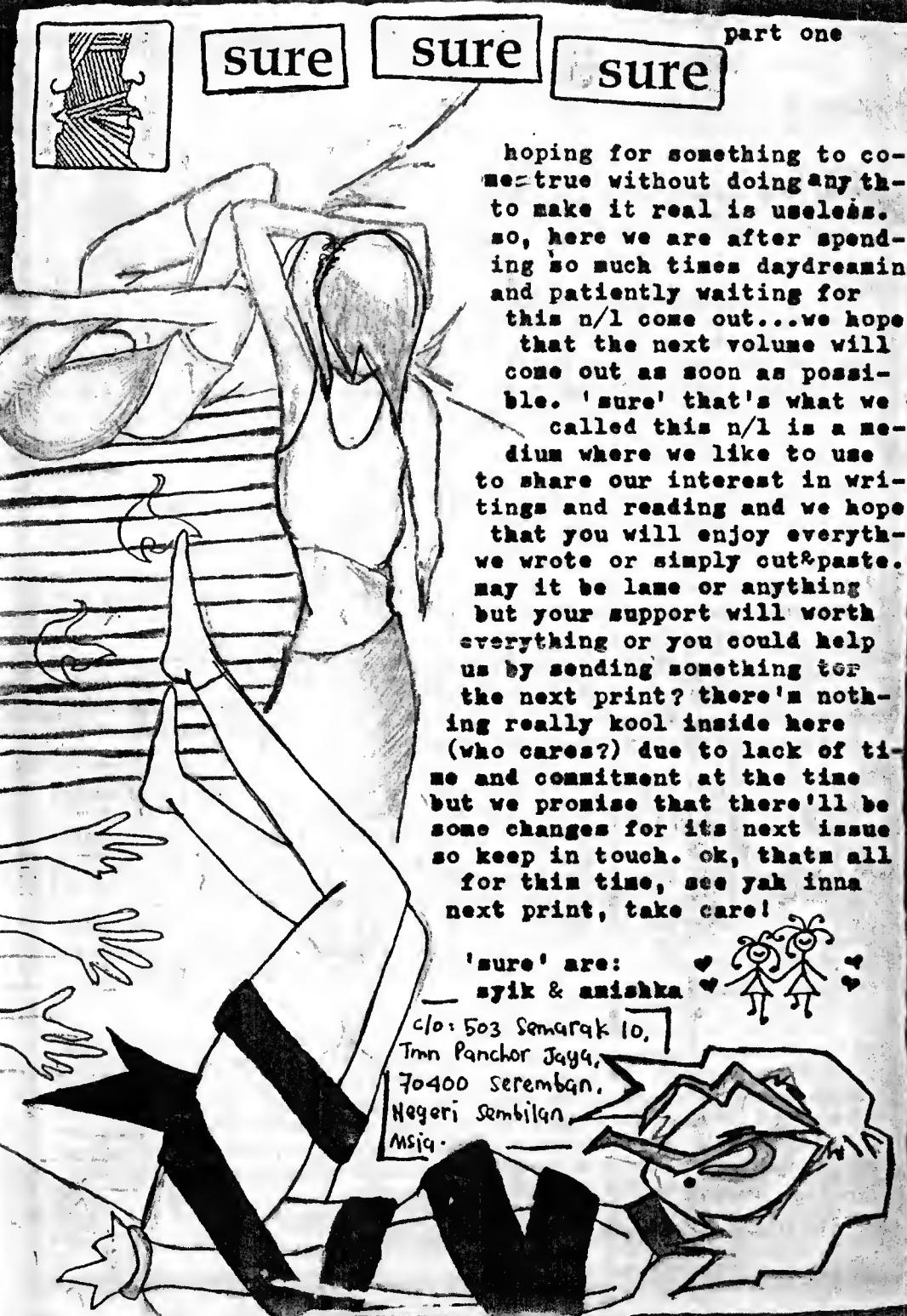
The signboard said, Kuantan-157 km. Such long time just to reach our haven. Naja had slept with her mouth open, could fit my feet if I put mine in that deep hollow mouth of hers. The CD compartment fell down from the dashboard. Lila pinched Naja and she woke up with red eyes like ripe chilies. She picked up everything and continues on awake.

Rain falls down like there's broken dam up there. About 60 meters away from our car, there's few policemen with torchlight and shining skittle.

"The road's closed, the flood's too high for your car, miss, perhaps you could drive your vehicle back to the neerest town," one of the policemen said with a smile. Whet?

*** plea to sleep ***

Those previous night had wasted with my eyes that never closed. I wished I had the courage to pull out my eyeball and squeezed them tight with my hand so that I could sleep forever. This inability to sleep was killing me every night. Every little sound will wake me up whenever I was closer to the gate of Dreamland. It seems like there was something that didn't allow me to go nearer to the gate. Something that I couldn't describe what it was. The night was spent with me counting the numbers to infinite and when the dawn came, I have to prepare myself for work. No matter how tired I was, it's just couldn't set me off. Sometimes I watched the same movies for hundreds times. Sometimes I kept on rewind and forwarding the tape until it got stuck and sound like a dead dog. I sometimes thought of walking outside. To have some fresh carbon dioxides air filled into my lung but no, I don't have the guts to go outside. No guts, yes. It absolutely worst when it's raining and the thunder was like a climate of the hell for me. I switched off the light, tuned on the most boring channel that will drove any normal person sleepy as fast as the result like they had swallowed a bottle of sleeping pills in one gulp but, none of it worked. None. I still awake, blinked at the darkness, blinked straight upon the ceiling, thought of nothing. Vision blurred but awake, mind freshly replays what I've done from the morning till the moment I was on my bed. Shit. The last time I had peaceful tight sleep was about two weeks ago. But after my roommate moved to another city, I wasn't able to sleep any tighter. There's always a frightening nightmare that forbid me to sleep and then the result was I couldn't sleep anymore. I could even finished about two books in one night depends on my speed of reading. And it's sickening to see a pair of bag under my eyes that look alike Santa's sack loaded with presents for nice kids. I didn't dare to go for pills. No, I didn't want to involve any kind of drugs into my life. They just make you worst, Richard Ashcroft said. And I don't want it to be worst...



The Women Suicide Bombers- Andrea Dworkin

There are good reasons for women suicide bombers, and anyone who knows what's happening to women in the Middle East can't be surprised. This is not the first time there have been women martyrs from Palestine. Between June 1967 and October 1985, there were 353 terrorist attacks inside Israel and each caused casualties. In the era of Oslo and the early days of the Palestinian Authority there were a near endless parade of suicide bombers who murdered Israeli civilians in acts of terror.



There were, in the interstices of the terrorists, young women, often women who had been raped, sometimes by men in their own families. Rather than face an ignominious death, the young women wrapped themselves with explosives and committed a glorious suicide, one that would raise them up into the elite of martyrdom. Now one sees the same happening with exemplary young women, whose motives have to do with trying to scale the heights of a woman-hating society. How does one rise up in a land where women are lower than the animals? If one does what the men do, does one get a measure of the respect the community gives the men?

It is better, easier, and more logical to blame the Israelis for women's suffering than to blame the men who both sexually abuse and then kill them according to honor society rules. Says one woman: "It is as if we were in a big prison, and the only thing we really have to lose is that. Imagine what it is like to be me, a proud, well-educated woman who has traveled to many countries. Then see what it is like to be an insect, for that is what the [Israeli] soldiers call us-cockroaches, dogs, insects."

The female suicide bombers are idealists who crave committing a pure act, one that will wipe away the stigma of being female. The Palestinian community is not sacrificing low women, women of no accomplishment, women with no future. Instead, the women suicide bombers are the society's best in terms of human resources, a perverted example of the best and the brightest. There are reasons for this.

The first has to do with sexual abuse. Israeli and Palestinian feminists have worked together in rape crisis centers to repair the torn hymens of Palestinian rape victims. This is a life-saving procedure, since sexual abuse is perceived as a form of the woman having prostituted. There is no empathy, no post-traumatic stress disorder, no redemption, no revenge against the rapist, no legal prosecution of him. Instead for the woman or girl there is secrecy or death. In becoming suicide bombers, women trade in the lowly status of the raped woman for the higher status of a martyr. The fact that women suicide bombers have not been recognized as such before this current onslaught of anti-Israeli aggression has to do with the invisibility of women in general and the necessary silence of injured women.

The second reason for women suicide bombers is to try to rise in the nationalist struggle so that when that struggle is over the status of women will be recognized as deserving of citizenship and equality. In Algeria women fought heroically. All the rules that bind women seemed to change. Women were in the company of men. Women were brave. Women were not hidden. After liberation the women were pushed back down. A similar dynamic took place with Israeli women, needed to fight and to settle the land early on, now distinctly second-class, especially under increasingly influential religious law.



The third reason is pride: the deep-seated belief that a young woman can be as brave, as sacrificing, as willing to submit to revolutionary Imperatives as men. Girls and young women want to stand up to the Israelis, hard to do in a landscape of maniacal fighting men. The best and brightest are motivated to stand up for their families: their beaten fathers, their destroyed homes, their angry mothers, and the brothers who are civilly superior to them.

In this time of terror, there is no tie between Israeli and Palestinian women, no conviction on the part of Palestinian women that the Israeli women they are killing have anything in common with them. Even though policy is made in both communities by aggressive, angry men, there is no sisterhood to speak of, no sense that there but for the grace of God go I. Instead adult Palestinian men pick out those needing or desiring martyrdom, strap explosives around them and send them into Hell, not Heaven. The more women want to prove their worth, the more women suicide bombers there will be. The lower the Israelis push the "cockroaches," the angrier the accomplished Palestinian women will be, and sisterhood between them and the young bombers will also disappear. The older women will let the younger women do the dirty work. They will not stop them.

Both Israeli and Palestinian men push women into an anti-sisterhood camouflaged as nationalist liberation.

I'm just too obsessed with her. From my bedroom window, I could almost see everything she did inside her room. Her big, curtain-less window, widely open. I wonder what makes her feel so secure like that.

She spent her night inside her room with candles lit brightly. She would read books that only with cloth-covered and she drinks coffee only from the black mug with big, white star on it.

Sometimes, in the morning she would sit under huge tree at the park in front of her apartment, watching the cars passed by. Her eyes shimmering like the lip-gloss she used on her lips.

Everything about her was so sweet and I'm imagining that I was she. I bought the same lip-gloss and the buttoned up white shirt as well as black hanging pants. I read books with cloth-covered and spent whole day at the flea market to find black mug with star on it.

Only one thing I can't afford to tag on was, when she jumped out from her window, I just couldn't do that...

R Di zaman dahulu, di negara Itu
A rajanya bernama Raja Wang.
J Raja yang kadangkala zalm,
A namun kadangkala begitu
W pemurah . sekali dengan
A rakyatnya. Penduduk negara
N Itu terdiri daripada dua
G bahagian, sebahagian adalah
Hamba terdiri daripada hamba Raja
Wang manakala sebahagian
yang lain bekerja sendiri.

Hamba kepada Raja Wang Inil
kebanyakannya sudah dibuang hati,
akal dan perasan mereka. Antara
pekerjaan yang mereka lakukan
adalah sebagai penipu, perompak,
pencuri dan tak kurang juga perogol
dan pelacur. Mana mana hamba
yang rajin bekerja maka senanglah
hidup mereka dengan pelbagai
kemudahan tidak kira lah lelaki
ataupun perempuan, kecil atau
besar juga bukan ukuran. Raja
mereka yang pemurah Itu
membekalkan pelbagai kemudahan
untuk mereka membuat pekerjaan
mereka, senjata dan pelbagai lag
perkakasan yang lain. Semakin
lama semakin canggih kemudahan
yang diberikan. Semuanya mereka
lakukan hanya untuk raja mereka,
Raja Wang. Apabila ada yang mati
dan sakit atau di dalam kesusahan,
biasanya mereka dibiarakan begitu
saja kerana semua orang lain sibuk
bekerja untuk raja mereka. Maka
ketika Itulah golongan rakyat Raja
Wang yang selain dari hambanya
tadi datang untuk menjalankan
tanggungjawab mereka. Membantu
yang dalam kesusahan, kerkongsi
susah senang, dan lain lain lagi Inil
kerana mereka bekerja menolong
orang. Dan Raja Wang amat
membenci golongan inil. Inil kerana
mereka mengurangkan hasil
penndapatan negara kerana tidak
membantu ekonomi dengan
kegiatan perompak, menipu dan
lain lain lagi. Makanya, Raja Wang
melancarkan penghapusan ke atas
golongan Inil kerana Itulah, haril Inil,
bilangan mereka amat kecil sekali
malah amat susah mui ditemui.

SELF DIGNITY LIES ON INFERIORITY COMPLEX

If you're taking so much time to read this small print...thank you very much. It was here just to fit the empty spaces that we don't know what we could do with them. If we got some contribution from you, we're sure that we don't have to do shit like this anymore and that will be fucking great! If you like to submit a piece of your shit, get in touch with us!